



The Victims



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Chapter 1 by Isabel

I woke up with sweat rolling down my spine and my heart racing at the pace of a race horses hooves pounding on the dirt track. Just a dream I assured myself, just a dream. I lay in bed among the soft velvety sheets steadying my heart beat to a slow steady pace. I hung my feet over the side of the large bed and slipped them into my slippers, standing up I looked through the large glass window that opened up to the world that surrounded me. Putting my hand on the cold glass I looked over the city of New York lit up at this time of night.

I walked over to my Alarm clock and read the time, the lights showed 12 am. I walked over to my mirror and looked at myself, jet black hair fell down my back and two blue eyes stared back at me. My pale face was as piercing as ever and my black outfit hugged my slim structure. My lips were plain, straight and simple but, my smile was unmistakeable.

I am a detective, I am an assassin, I a sorceress, I have an IQ of 270, I am 13, I am Bella Mavrick and I love it. I looked down and on my dressing table, a beautiful array of weapons sat, things from bows to daggers, mini-guns and machetes. I picked up a dagger feeling the cold metal blade and shoved up my leggings, I picked up my bow and quiver and slung them over my shoulder. I walked over to my door and grabbed the cloak that hung there, it was an aqua velvet cloak that draped down and dragged across the floor. It also had more areas to hide weapons, Just in case.

Walking down the dark, glamorous, potentially dangerous hallway was the least of my worries, 'potentially dangerous' because someone decided to put traps everywhere so they could kill me, fortunately, they never work.

Holding my weapons close I scuttled to the door at the end of the hallway, grabbing the metal

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would all be. I kept walking and seconds later a screeching sound echoed from down the hallway.

'What in hell' I thought to myself, someone's going to find me and it's not going be pretty. I pulled out my arrows from the quiver and plunged one into the gaps in the brick and pulled myself up to the up the 20-meter wall, my arrows blunted as they ate into the mortar of the brick. Moving quickly, I plunged arrows into the wall one-by-one, blunting their sharp blades. My heart was racing as badly as it was before and trying to pull my body up became harder and harder by the second. If someone found me this was going to get really ugly, really quickly. I pulled myself to the top of the wall, crouching down I scuttled across the top of it. The crunching of gravel was unmistakable against the silence of midnight. I pulled out my blade of and slowly peered over the edge of the wall.

"Don't use it," a voice said in a thick English accent, "you'll save yourself a lot of trouble". The night was dark so I could only see the silhouette of my attacker standing 20 metres below me. "Who are you?" My voice boomed out of the night. He stared back and then smiled back.

"You can't even recognise your own boyfriend," he said with a slight chuckle.

"Best friend" I corrected, "Not boyfriend". Cole was his name, he was only two years older than me and he has an IQ of 143. We met at a competition for the world highest IQ score where we became inseparable.

I climbed back down the wall and joined him on the gravel pathway. As my boots crunched on the path he grabbed me by my waist and pulled me to the middle of the path and we kept walking down the pathway.

"Are you always this jumpy at this time of night" Cole whispered into my ear.

"Jumpy as in jumpy enough to climb a 20-meter wall" I whispered back, "well I wasn't expecting any visitors at midnight on a Monday morning"

"Well I was going to come to your room," he said.

"Excuse me!" I faltered.

"To tell you that there has been another murder," he said.

"Who has the energy to murder at this time of night" I yawned sliding the arrows back into the quiver.

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"Never knew you liked your cars," He said.

"Never picked me up in a Bentley before" I retorted. He opened the car door and I hopped in, he walked to the other side and got in himself. He told his driver the address of the murder scene and the car sped off into the distance. The sleek shape of the car made it camouflage in with the night, it was a beautiful shade of black.

He stared at me, he never knew I loved Bentley's, he didn't need to. If he was going to stare at me any longer I was going to freeze, think, think quickly. His eyes met mine. Think Bella, think. He took his hand and ran it through my hair. Now Bella. He found my hand and held it. Come on Bella, this was getting annoying and it was only a matter of seconds before something horrible was going to happen. He moved his head slowly towards mine. He knows I'm only 13, he knows I can't do this. Three, two, one...

"Why did you call me your girlfriend?" I finally got out, hallelujah.

"Because a friend wouldn't pick a friend up in a Bentley" He laughed.

"Seriously" I groaned crossing my arms, "I am 13, freaking hell".

"I like you" He replied sincerely.

"What do you like, what did I do" I retorted.

"You did nothing, I just like your personality" He laughed "you're feisty, you're smart, you're brave, you're courageous, you're ignorant, you're a bookworm, you're everything I want my future girlfriend to be".

I blushed. Seriously what had I done to gain his attention, it's not like I'm special? Either way, he wasn't going to stop till he finally got me. I should have said nothing let him kiss me, don't care about the boundaries and break all the walls down. "Stop Bella", I said to myself, I have a job and a teenage life I need to live before things get; complicated.

The car pulled up at the front of the crime scene. It was a 70s styled house, lots of glass, lots of wood. Cole found my hand held it, why does he adore me? We walked into the house at 1:30 am and the street was darker than ever before, I knew something wasn't right here. We walked into the victim's room, it had white double brick rooms and a beautiful display of art. It had a wide window that opened up to a courtyard, it had a connected ensuite and a large queen bed where the victim laid.

"A... thought..." Cole interrupted holding out a hand and pointing.

"Shut up I'm not done" I growled.

"Ignorant" he sighed staring at me dumbfounded.

"I can still hear you" I screamed.

The victim was probably a 24-year-old male, single, wealthy and drunk at the time of the murder because of the wine glass shattered on the floor and bottle that was at his bedside. The

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sleeping pills that sat at his bedside could have been a cause of death but there was one more main piece of evidence. The body. There was a major stab wound that was probably caused by a steak knife in his chest which had been forced through the bedsheets. Weirdly the wound hadn't bled into the sheets. Other than that he had multiple cut wounds to his right wrist leaving me thinking the attacker had to force him to stop drinking.

"Anything?" He asked

"25, single, wealthy, drunk, trouble sleeping, stab wound caused by a steak knife, forced to stop drinking," I said. He scribbled everything onto his notepad and looked back up at me.

"Anything else?" He asked again. I looked again and there were two shattered wine glasses, he had been expecting someone.

"He was waiting for someone" I replied.

"That's all for now" Cole said shouting commands to the policemen. "get an autopsy done" I stared around the room for a little as the body was taken out of the room. I stared back and I saw the body and something glowed on his body.

"Halt" I commanded to the policemen.

"We don't take commands from little girls" one replied. He stared at me as if he was asking: 'What are you doing' and stared back at him as if to say 'tell them!'

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